



Ex-CBI Roundup

—CHINA—BURMA—INDIA—

NOVEMBER

1968





BOMBING SMOKE rises from Japanese motor pool and supply depot at Wunto, Burma, after an attack by the 1st Air Command Forces in March 1944. US Air Force photo.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

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Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at 117 South Third Street, Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

Neil L. Maurer

Editor

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Letter FROM The Editor . . .

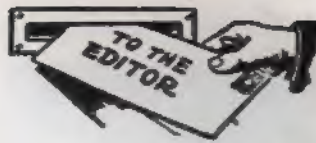
● **Remember** the Nagas, the Kachins and the Karens? There are reports from India that the government there is worried about a Naga "underground," operating with cooperation from the Kachins and the Karens on the Burmese side of the border and also receiving help from China. Members of the Naga underground have been crossing the border into China, it is believed, for training and for arms. To make it seem more like "old home week" for CBIs, they've been using the Ledo-Yunnan road.

● **Things** are happening up in Kashmir, too. The Maharishi (with the Beatle disciples) has acquired an expensive site near Srinagar between the famous Shalimar and Nishat gardens, commanding a picturesque view of the valley and Dal Lake. The site was acquired for the Yogi's City of Nations, a sort of extension of the academy of meditation in Rishikesh. There are even rumors that a Texas construction firm has been requested to take the building contract.

● **Cover picture** was taken in May 1944 at Myitkyina Air Base in Burma, as airborne engineers prepared the base (which had been captured by Merrill's Marauders and Chinese troops) for the landing of the 1st Troop Carrier Squadron. US Air Force photo shows an American-trained Chinese, carrying a case of 4.2 mortar shells, walking across the runway to board a plane.

● **Don't forget**, we're expecting every subscriber to get a new subscriber! We need your help.

NOVEMBER, 1968



C. T. Giammarva

● Carl T. Giammarva, 45, a Rochester police officer for the last 15 years and a resident of Le Roy for the last three, died August 19, 1968, at Batavia Veterans Administration Hospital. He had served in the National Guard for 19 years, and at the time of his death was a major in the 249th Air Ambulance Co., stationed at Niagara Falls. During World War II he was a P-38 pilot in the CBI theater. His wife, seven children and a grandchild survive.

(From an item in the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, sent in by E. J. Bernard, Rochester, N.Y.)



YOUNG GIRL taking care of her baby brother extends a hand for baksheesh. Photo by Dorothea Malchow Dent.



PUBLIC FOUNTAIN in Calcutta, India, used by many for bathing. Photo by A. L. Schwartz, M.D.

Who Is Gus?

● Roundup subscriber Gus someone of Oklahoma wrote to me sometime ago and wished to borrow my silk Hump map to verify some data for a story he was writing. I'll be glad to loan it to him, but have mislaid his address. Would appreciate another request.

EARL A. HARRIS JR.,
2012 Boxwood Drive,
Broomall, Pa.

Successful Reunion

● Having just returned from the Iowa reunion, I want to thank the good people of your state who worked so hard to make it a resounding success. Everyone seemed delighted with the friendly atmosphere.

GERTRUDE STUESSER,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Pictures Wanted

● All and any news items and pictures are wanted for the national historical book of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association. These may be about a member, or about the doings of the various bashas. Please send all information to me as National Historian, 1021 Edison Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa. 19116.

ROBERT D. THOMAS
Philadelphia, Pa.

nursing home in Denver asking him to inquire of Proper if he was with the Mars Task Force unit. Today a reply came back typed by Proper himself verifying that we had known each other well in Burma, and I am exceedingly proud of this connection. I expect to try to arrange a trip to Denver on a weekend before long, if possible, to call on this courageous CBI veteran. He told me he had had no contact with members of his outfit since his discharge in 1948 until my letter.

HOWARD MACY,
Lynnville, Iowa

Served in Calcutta

● Please accept my thanks and appreciation for publishing such a wonderful magazine. It is the most prized publication that comes to my home. I was in Calcutta for 30 months with the 112th and 263rd Station Hospital which was later the 142nd General. Played in Mason Taylor's Dance Band. We were called "The 142nd Troubadours." Would like to hear from anyone who was a member of this band.

CHARLES BURCHETTE,
1033 Watson Ave.,
Winston-Salem, N.C.



MAIN STREET of Dibrugarh, Assam. Photo by Julius W. Lang.



DIRTY UNIFORM gets an extra scrub from dhobi walla at Camp Kanchrapara, near Calcutta, India. Photo by Julius W. Lang.

Norman H. Nelson

A two-car crash near St. Cloud, Minn., July 10, 1968, took the life of District Judge Norman H. Nelson, 52, a CBI veteran from Moorhead, Minn., and two other persons. A 1948 graduate of the University of Minnesota Law School, he was in general practice in Moorhead from 1949 to 1964 when he was named 7th district judge by Gov. Karl Rolvaag. He was elected to a six-year term in 1966. Nelson was a former president of the State College Board, on which he served from 1955 to 1967. He was also a member of the Minnesota Liaison and Facilities Commission for Higher Education. During World War II he served in the army in the China-Burma-India theater, and was awarded a Bronze Star for heroism in action. Survivors include his parents, his wife and five daughters.

(From a Minneapolis Star article, sent in by Abe J. Sperling, Minneapolis, Minn.)

King George V

● By now I am sure that many old India hands have written in to identify the picture in the June issue from the John Aalberg collection. It is, of course, a statue of King George V in New Delhi. Though criticized aesthetically, the statue under its Mughul canopy was part of the grand design for the imperial cap-

ital of India which started in 1913 with a visit of the king-emperor to India, and was finally completed in 1929. The statue, in question, is located within a radial of the great Mall, called Kingsway in our day, and extending from the Viceroy's House to the Stadium. On either side are reflecting pools and a green area called the Maidan, a favorite resting spot for GI's during World War II. The statue still stands, but barely. Indian tourist guides nowadays do not point it out and there has been considerable agitation in the Indian press to have this "hated symbol of the Raj" removed entirely, as has happened to so many of the other fine statues in New Delhi. The tragedy in this case, as I see it, is that nothing is offered to replace them. What we knew as a neat, orderly and very impressive city in 1942-45 is now a roaring metropolis of nondescript architecture, decaying relics from the British and World War II eras and monstrous modern slums extending out into the desert wastelands around Delhi.

BEN F. BRANNON
Honolulu, Hawaii



NEPALESE women pause on mountainside near Darjeeling, India. Photo by Stan Paszkewicz.

Operational, But Never Assembled

The 159th Military Police Battalion was activated 5 September 1944 at Chabua, Assam, India, and operated in the Assam area until deactivated 25 October 1945 following termination of hostilities. The battalion was operational throughout its history, and was never assembled in one place at any time. Its units and detachments were spread for 500 miles along the Assam line of communications leading to the fighting fronts in Burma and China. The battalion never engaged in combat, but supported the combat effort by fulfilling its mission of assisting in the movement of vital supplies trucked over the perilous Ledo Road into Burma and flown over the treacherous Himalaya "Hump" into China.

The battalion never saw a city, but existed solely in an area of small villages and tea plantations carved out of the jungles of Upper Assam, and bounded by the world's highest mountain ranges. The battalion headquarters, located at the head of the Brahmaputra Valley, was 50 miles from Burma, 88 miles from China, and 100 miles from Tibet.

Fixed-TO&E military police battalions had arrived in the China-Burma-India Theater in 1943, and had been split up and scattered throughout the theater. A battalion commander had no control over his units which were located in several major commands. Nevertheless they remained part of his battalion, and the whole system became quite confusing.

Under the reorganization the old battalions were deactivated and new flexible-TO&E battalions were organized. The 158th was at Ledo, the 159th at Chabua and the 160th at Calcutta. Each was composed of the military police units within its respective major command, regardless of their former designations. Thereafter a unit moved from one major command area to another was dropped by one parent MP battalion and became part of another. Thus the 269th MP Company from Karachi and the 156th MP Guard Platoon from Bombay were received from other areas and became part of the 159th MP Battalion.

This battalion had an aggregate strength of 659 men, but was augmented by temporarily attached air force and ground forces MP companies, U.S. Negro provisional MPs, K-9 guard dog detachments, Gurkha guard detachments, and Chinese MP detachments. The battalion proper was composed of personnel from throughout the United States, the officers alone being from 17 different states. It

was made up of Regular Army "old soldiers," reservists, and many civilians in uniform for the "duration only."

The 159th was activated shortly after the last thrust by Japanese forces into India, a drive aimed at cutting the supply lines and isolating the Upper Assam military bases. This failed, and about the same time the title of the U.S. Army command in Assam was changed from Advance Section to Intermediate Section. When the 159th came into being, the Japanese were putting up stubborn resistance southward in Burma, and the MPs considered possible another desperate thrust by the Japanese. Accordingly the 159th remained in readiness to participate in repelling any new attack on the vital Assam supply lines and installations. But none came, and the war moved further and further away. The demand for supplies kept increasing, however, and the 159th was ever busy.

Its duties included the security of military supplies en route up the Assam Valley on a single track small-gauge tea plantation railroad, by truck along the single gravel road up the valley, and by river barge up the broad Brahmaputra. Truck convoys were escorted by 159th MPs from Pandu, and MP guards boarded railroad supply trains at Parvatapur. Their schedules did not permit regular stops, and many times good old Yankee ingenuity displayed by the MPs kept their stomachs filled. One two-man team left Calcutta as barge guards with the standard issue of seven days rations. They arrived at Dibrugarh 40 days later looking happy and well fed. They lived "on the river" all the way, and managed somehow to never miss a meal (well, not many anyway).

The huge volumes of supplies which came up the valley by road, rail, water and air were staged in the vast depots and airbases clustered in the area around Chabua. The MPs were responsible for the security of these supplies (except on the airbases), for policing the troops concentrated in the area, and for controlling the vast amount of ground traffic on the inadequate road net between airfields and supply depots in the area.

The supplies were then airlifted over the "Hump" into China, and sent over the Ledo Road into Burma, but the 159th stayed behind. It kept its 65 jeeps and 24 motorcycles moving through the choking road dust or the incessant monsoon rains, escorting convoy movements or handling miscellaneous traffic, operating

area and town patrols, guarding headquarters and supply installations, and performing its numerous other duties. These included criminal investigations, emergency rescue service to plane crash victims, and operation of the Intermediate Section Stockade housing U.S. military prisoners.

The 159th was commanded throughout its history by Lt. Col. Earl O. Cullum, and was under the overall command of Brig. Gen. Joseph A. Cranston, Commanding General of the Intermediate Section. Battalion Headquarters Detachment at Chabua was commanded by Capt. Harold I. Funk of Altoona, Pa. The 167th MP Company, stationed in the Chabua area, was commanded by Capt. Walter C. Hall of Dubois, Pa. Capt. Joseph J. Armand of Alexandria, La., commanded the 269th MP Company at Gauhati, and also served as Provost Marshal of the Military Railway Service. Capt. Garey M. Wells of Portland, Ore., commanded the 271st MP Company at Makum Junction. Lieut. Gordon V. Pingree of Corte Madera, Cal., commanded the 152nd MP Company at Dibrugarh. This company was activated in July 1945.

Major Walter A. Swinhoe of Port Townsend, Wash., was Battalion Executive



NEW BARS are pinned on Lieut. Martin E. Chenoweth, who received a direct commission in 1945, by Lieut. George V. Pingree, company commander. Looking on is Lt. Col. Earl O. Cullum, battalion commander.

Officer but spent much of his time away on detached assignments. Capt. Arthur F. Perlin of Minneapolis served as Assistant Provost Marshal of Intermediate Section.

Lt. Col. Cullum of Dallas, Tex., the youngest of these officers, was Battalion Commander and Provost Marshal of Intermediate Section. Lieut. Cecil L. Rostagno of Vulcan, Mich., commanded the 156th MP Guard Platoon and was Prison Officer of the Intermediate Section Stockade, located north of Chabua.

Rostagno was one of four NCOs who received direct commissions in the 159th. The others were Alfred G. Scott of Den-ville, N.J., Martin E. Chenoweth of Baltimore, and Peter Macura of Granville, N. Y.

Lieuts. Franklin M. Geron of Paris, Tex.; Robert E. Crawford of Memphis, Tenn.; and William E. Mallory of Warwick, R. I., also served as company commanders during part of their service with the 159th. Crawford; James H. Danzl of Waite Park, Minn.; Darrell V. Lewis of St. Paul, Minn.; and Thurman S. Nuse of Englewood, N. J., were members of the 159th throughout its history.

Lieuts. Robert F. Binter of Milwaukee; Gilbert F. Caswell of Attleboro, Mass.; Eugene J. Coleman of Medford, Mass.; Omar A. Heacox of Schenectady, N. Y.; and Walter E. Pearson of Centredale, R. I., transferred out of the 159th. Replacement and filler officers received were Lieuts. John W. Gallagher of Philadelphia; William R. Benner of Hooper, Wash.; Sydney M. Dennis of Chattanooga, Tenn.; Lane C. Ellis of Barnesville, Ohio; Charles Gallagher Jr. of Norwich, N. Y.; John J. Gallione of New York, N. Y.; Camille S. Joseph of Shreveport, La.; Joseph Lavender of Bronx, N. Y.; Frederick A. Major of Dayton, Ohio; John J. Templeton of Nutley, N. J.; John M. Wejman of Evanston, Ill.; and James E. Wharton of St. Louis, Mo.

In addition to heat and monsoon rains, choking dust and inadequate roads, the pilferage and "breakage" problems, and slow trips by barge and train, the MPs found snakes in their tents and tigers almost inside their campsites. But despite some problems, they realized they were well off compared to the troops operating in Burma; and small detachments at locations like Shillong provided much sought-after assignments.

General Cranston awarded the Meritorious Service Unit Plaque to both the 167th and the 271st MP Companies. The war ended and the battalion was deactivated before its other units had a chance to earn this honor.

Easily the most interesting assignment the 159th had in World War II was to capture Herman Perry, wanted for deser-

tion and for murdering a U.S. Army officer. Perry was assigned to an engineer battalion working on the Ledo Road in Northern Burma. In March 1944 he got "high" on gangha, a native hemp plant similar to marijuana. He shot and killed an unarmed officer of his battalion, and disappeared into the jungle.

Months later Perry was discovered living in a Naga village. He was shot by MPs as he tried to escape, and taken to the base hospital at Ledo where he recovered from his wound. He was then tried by a general court martial and sentenced to death by hanging.

But before the sentence was carried out, Perry escaped from the barbed-wire stockade at Ledo. Two weeks later MPs again found Perry and wounded him slightly, but he disappeared once again into the friendly jungle.

Then Perry began a long slow trip which led him to Makum Junction, Assam, in the area policed by the 159th. Perry committed an armed robbery at Makum, and was later shot three times as he escaped from MPs and CID agents. The next day he was shot through the nose as he fled across a rice paddy. But the jungle was still friendly to him, and he now headed toward the friendly Naga Hills. Perry was still armed and still very dangerous, but now his wounds slowed him down.

Relentlessly the MPs and CID agents kept after him. On the night of 9 March 1945 Perry was found in a native compound on the Disang River, and was apprehended by 159th Major Earl O. Cullum and Pvt. George E. Crosby. His wounds were treated and he was kept in the stockade at Chabua until 15 March. On that date he was taken to Ledo where the sentence of hanging was carried out. Perry thus became the only American soldier executed in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II.

The "Assam Police Gazette" was a small mimeographed publication which carried the printable news of the various units and detachments of the 159th. It was the only link, other than official channels, between many members of the 159th who never saw each other. It contained sketches of key personnel of the battalion, and references to nearly everyone else in the battalion at one time or other.

Captain Joseph J. Armand, born in 1906, was a regular army first sergeant and received a direct commission in October 1942. He attended the Provost Marshal General's School at Fort Custer, Mich., and was assigned to the 782nd MP Battalion. This unit left New York in July 1943 on the "West Point" and landed at Bombay. After the 782nd was deactivated, Armand was assigned to the 159th

and served as Prison Officer, then as commander of the 269th MP Company.

Technical Sergeant Robert E. Butts was born in 1909 at Mears, Mich., and later made Detroit his home. He was inducted in April 1942 and later assigned to the 782nd MP Battalion where he showed special ability in supply work. When he was assigned to the 159th it was natural that he became the battalion supply sergeant.

Captain Walter C. Hall was born in 1908 at Dubois, Pa. He joined the Pennsylvania National Guard in 1937 and was placed on active duty in 1941. He became a first sergeant and then attended MP OCS. Commissioned in November 1943, he was assigned to the 782nd. Promoted to captain in August 1944, he became commander of the 167th MP Company the following month.

T/4 James A. Groscup was born in 1909 at Baltimore, Md. He was inducted in November 1942 and assigned to the 782nd. He quickly became a cook, and after Company C became the 271st MP Company in the 159th, Groscup won fame throughout the battalion and many other units for his excellent pastries. He believed the motto, "An army travels on its stomach," and did something about it.

Lieut. Gordon V. Pingree was born in 1909 at Oakland, Cal., and engaged in civil police work. He served in the Coast Guard, and then entered the army in 1943. He became an infantry platoon sergeant, and then attended MP OCS, at Fort Sam Houston, Tex. Upon being assigned to the 159th he became commander of the newly activated 152nd MP Company, located at Dibrugarh, Assam.

Master Sergeant Joseph Cohen was born in 1913 at Marinette, Wis., and was inducted into the army in 1941. He held a number of assignments, then went overseas with the 782nd MP Battalion. After being assigned to the 159th he held several key jobs, and finally became battalion sergeant major of the 159th.

Captain Garey M. Wells was born in Oregon in 1911 and attended Portland High School. He joined the U.S. Army in 1930 and became a first sergeant in Panama. He attended MP OCS and was commissioned in December 1942 and assigned to the 782nd at Fort Custer, Michigan. He became commander of Company C which later became the 271st MP Company.

First Sergeant Raymond E. Johnson was born at Glendale, Ariz., in 1913, and quite naturally became a rodeo rider. He was a member of the Arizona National Guard, and entered federal service in 1941. He later became a member of the 269th MP Company, and finally first sergeant of the 152nd MP Company at Dibrugarh.

Captain Arthur F. Perlin was born in 1911 at Rochester, N. Y. He was inducted in May 1941 and became a corporal. He attended MP OCS and was commissioned in November 1942 and assigned to the 782nd. He commanded Company A and was Provost Marshal of Base Section No. 1 at Karachi. He was promoted to captain in August 1944 and when his company



CAPTURED in March 1945, Pvt. Herman Perry is held at the Intermediate Section Stockade near Chabua. Shown here with Perry (center) are Lt. Col. Earl O. Cullum and Capt. Joseph J. Armand.



EXAMINING wound in Perry's foot are Col. Cullum and a medical technician.

reached the Assam Valley, he became Assistant Provost Marshal of Intermediate Section.

Lieut. Franklin M. Geron was born at Paris, Tex., in 1908. He entered service in January 1941 and became a sergeant at Camp Bowie, Texas. He attended OCS in 1943 and served in North Africa. He was then assigned to the 269th and then the 271st MP Company, and became commander of the 167th MP Company in August 1945.

Staff Sergeant Al Sherman was born at New York City in 1913 and worked for the Port of New York. He was inducted in May 1941 and after various assignments he reached the Intermediate Section Stockade at Chabua. There he was in charge of all prison records, and became quite a "personality," long remembered by all who knew him.

Captain Harold I. Funk was born at Altoona, Pa., in 1913. He entered the Pennsylvania National Guard in 1932 and went on active duty in 1940. He attended MP OCS and was commissioned in November 1942, and assigned to the 782nd MP Battalion. He commanded Company C and then served on battalion staffs of both the 782nd and the 159th. He served as executive officer of the 159th while Major Walter A. Swinhoe was away on detached duty.

Lt. Col. Earl O. Cullum, born in San Antonio in 1913, was raised at Dallas, Tex. He was an ROTC cadet colonel, and was commissioned in the Infantry Reserve in 1937. He entered active duty in March 1941 with the 208th MP Company at Camp Bowie, Tex. He graduated in the first class at the PMG School at Fort Myer, Va. in March 1942, and served as a PMGS Instructor at Fort Oglethorpe and Fort Custer. In September 1943 he became Assistant Theater Provost Marshal in the CBI, and was promoted to major in February 1944. He became Provost Marshal of Advance Section No. 2 at Chabua, and commander of the 159th MP Battalion when it was activated in September 1944. He was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel in April 1945.

Master Sergeant Henry G. Roscher was born at Manor, Pa., in 1920. He was inducted in 1942 and went overseas with the 782nd. He served with the 271st MP Company at Makum Junction and then with 159th MP Battalion Headquarters where he became a M/Sgt.

Lieut. Cecil L. Rostagno was born at Norway, Mich., in 1916 and was inducted in 1942 and later assigned to the 782nd. He became a staff sergeant in the 167th MP Company, and was given a direct commission in June 1945. He then became commander of the 156th MP Guard Platoon and Prison Officer of the Intermediate Section Stockade.

Tech/Sgt. Cecil E. Thill, born at Uniontown, Wash., in 1922, left college to enter the army in January 1943. He shipped out to the CBI with the 502 MP Battalion, and in May 1944 was assigned to the 167th MP Company when that unit was activated. He later became a staff sergeant in the 152nd MP Company, and then battalion supply sergeant of the 159th in Sept. 1945.

Lieut. Peter Macura was born at Granville, N. Y., in 1917. He entered the army in March 1941 and was later assigned to the 782nd MP Battalion. He became first sergeant of the 271st MP Company, and was later given a direct commission as a second lieutenant.

Staff Sergeant Walter R. Hall was born in 1921 and became a logger in the great northwest. He entered service in 1942 and was later assigned to the 269th MP Company. He was in charge of a detachment of military police at Jorhat, Assam.

Lieut. William E. Mallory was born in 1917 at Cranston, R. I. He enlisted in the National Guard in 1940 and entered active duty in February 1941. He attended

OCS in November 1942 and was assigned to the 502 MP Battalion. He was stationed in the Ledo area with this unit until May 1945. He then was assigned to the 269th MP Company and became company commander in September 1945.

Tech/Sgt. Joseph V. McLaughlin was born in San Francisco, Calif. in 1923. He shipped to the CBI with the 502nd MP Battalion, and was assigned to the 167th MP Company when it was activated. When a vacancy occurred at the Intermediate Section Stockade, McLaughlin moved "up the road a bit" and became the new Provost Sergeant.

Other key NCOS were M/Sgt. Jack Rabinowitz and First Sgts. George J. Fournier, Hiral L. Franklin, Henry T. Jernigan and Ernest E. Landry. The war ended and the Battalion was deactivated before sketches were written about them.

Sgt. Henry T. Jernigan served as editor of the "Assam Police Gazette" until he became first sergeant of the 152nd MP Company. T/5 Rodger Curtice then became editor. □

Mongoose Real Hero in Some Areas

The snake-fighting mongoose is a hero in some parts of the world, but a healthy appetite makes it unwelcome in others.

In Asia and Africa the plucky little creature guards homes against cobras, rats and mice.

In the West Indies, the mongoose quickly wore out its welcome. Imported from India in the 1800's to rid cane fields of rats, the weasel-like animals in ever increasing hordes quickly dispatched the pests. Then they developed a taste for birds, lizards, chickens, lambs, pigs, even dogs and cats.

At various times Trinidad, St. Kitts, Antigua, Barbados, and St. Vincent have offered bounties for mongooses, the National Geographic Society says.

The Department of the Interior enforces a "vamoose mongoose" policy in continental United States. The animals are confined to a few zoos and museums. Hawaii still harbors a sizable population whose ancestors were brought in 1883 to control rodents.

The mongoose has never lacked champions, however. Ancient Egyptians revered the creatures and embalmed them in tiny coffins. English author Rudyard Kipling immortalized the mongoose as the courageous Rikki-tikki-tavi of *The Jungle Book*.

The long-bodied animal with the bushy tail lives up to its fictional reputation.

A mongoose the size of a small house cat will challenge a seven-foot cobra without hesitation.

Before battle the mongoose fluffs up its long hair. The bristles deceive the snake into striking short. After tiring the enemy by drawing repeated lunges, the agile creature darts in to inflict a fatal wound with its teeth.

Many species not only hunt reptiles, small mammals and birds, but also suck birds' eggs, extract snails, and open hard-shelled insects.

The mongoose cracks tough delicacies by grasping them between forepaws and hurling the objects between its hind legs against a wall, rock, or other firm surface. The maneuver is repeated until the morsel opens.

Throwing practice is often disconcerting for mongoose owners. One pet improved its technique by lobbing eggs against the living room wall. Another bounced a key chain off its master's ankle.

The intelligent creature's natural curiosity about man and his belongings can be embarrassing. According to one story, a servant in India was dismissed on suspicion of having stolen a valuable ring. He was vindicated when the shiny piece of jewelry was found in the cache used by the family mongoose. □

States Brought Closer to Orient

This is an "it's a small world" type of story, telling of a note written by the postmaster at Milbank, S. D., and results obtained. Perhaps all of us could "bring the States 18,000 miles closer" by writing more letters to friends and acquaintances in other lands.

BY PHIL ALDRICH

As a postmaster and a member of National Association of Postmasters of the U.S. and back about 1959, I received from the association a greeting in 17 languages with instructions to sign and mail to any foreign postmaster I might select. My selection was the postmaster at Khanspur in the Murree Hills section of what is now West Pakistan, as it was very close to that place where I was stationed during the summer of 1944. Many Roundup subscribers likely were there, as it was one of the rest camps of what was then India.

Rather than just sign the greeting, I enclosed a note mentioning that I had spent several months there and would like to be remembered to some of the civilian employees should any of those mentioned still be there. In a few weeks I received a letter from Swat Khan, who by that time was a shopkeeper and general merchant in his village of Riala. He sent greetings from other former civilian employees, and invited me to visit Pakistan.

A few months ago I was surprised to receive the following letter from a Mrs. Elizabeth Mathias of Lahore, West Pakistan:

"Undoubtedly this letter will come as a surprise to you. I am an American citizen, married to a Pakistani national, and live in Lahore. Last February, my husband met with an accident, and his right leg has been in full cast ever since. May, in Lahore, is like a furnace, and we were just about at the end of our endurance when a film producer friend offered us one of his units at what used to be a British military barracks (Khanspur) in Ayubia.

"While engaged in conversation with a shopkeeper, he showed us a letter from you, dated 1961; also cancelled coupons for stamps which he had used to reply to your letter. From him we also learned that this was a rest camp for American soldiers during World War II. His name is Raja Sawat. He says he supplied you with all kinds of provisions.

"This man really treasures that letter; as for myself, I personally want to thank

you for bringing the States 18,000 miles closer for a short time.

"These barracks are being bought by private parties, and used for summer homes. We are staying just a short distance from the post office.

"This is beautiful country, but for four straight days after our arrival, it hailed. Some of those stones were the size of ping pong balls.

"We witnessed a sad sight yesterday. A procession went by, carrying a body on a charpoy. We learned that it was a woman, who while walking in the brush had been bitten by a snake. They waited a day before taking her to the hospital, probably using home remedies, and it cost her her life.

"Today the cook and chowkidar rigged up a Rube Goldberg outfit resembling a broken-down fruit and vegetable cart, in which they placed a chair to carry my husband. We walked a mile out of town and turned off onto a glorified cow path. How that cart made it over those rocks is a miracle.

"They took us to the Church of the Assumption—all ivy covered, and beautifully located on a knoll, with a fabulous view of the valley below; terraced gardens of the villagers, and snow-capped mountains of Kashmir in the distance."

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The Festival of Lights

By C. C. JOSEPH
San Francisco Chronicle

On the first day of November all India lights up.

From Kashmir in the north to Kerala in the south, every Hindu home celebrates Diwali, the annual "festival of lights," which is a kind of Christmas and July 4 rolled into one.

Diwali, or Deepavali as it is known in the south, is a milestone in the life of a Hindu. Before the festival he gets his house repaired and repainted. He buys new clothes and ornaments for himself and his family. He even decorates his cows and buffaloes with colored water.

As one of the most auspicious days of the year, it is the time when businessmen close their old account books and open new ones. Countless new ventures, from shops to film releases, are timed for this day.

In the villages, women decorate the front yards of their homes with "rangoli"—gay patterns made with cow-dung paste and painted with colored powder. The patterns are made up of numerous traditional shapes symbolizing various aspects of Hindu belief.

Houses are illuminated with candles, or, when the family can afford it, with colored light bulbs. And throughout the evening fireworks are everywhere.

There are various stories connected with the origin of Diwali, one being that it recalls the celebration with which the people of the legendary kingdom of Ayodhya received the god-king Rama and his wife Sita on their return after 14 years of banishment in the jungle.

It has also become known, particularly in the north of India, as the time when the Goddess of Wealth, Lakshmi, pays her annual visit to Hindu homes to give her blessing, and, hopefully, ensure prosperity for the future. Lakshmi is fond of light and neatness, so the brighter and neater a house is kept, the greater the blessings its inmates are likely to enjoy.

Moreover, Lakshmi has an elder sister, Moodevi, who is the opposite of her in all respects. This duty of doom is supposed to prefer dark and squalid places, and her visitation is likely to bring misfortune.

In orthodox Hindu homes, especially in the south of India, two lamps are lit on either side of the front entrance to a house, so that Moodevi is not tempted to call.

During the night, Lakshmi is worshiped. A silver coin representing her is bathed in milk and sanctified with fragrant sandalwood paste, turmeric and flowers.

Priests chant invocations for Lakshmi's blessings, the head of the family distributes money to the poor, children help themselves to special sweets and fireworks are set off.

Among the other legends about the origin of Diwali, the most popular is that of the prince and the cobra. Long ago there was a great king, Haima, whose only son was destined, according to the court astrologers, to die of a cobra bite in his 16th year, four days after his marriage.

But the king was determined to thwart fate, and as the dreaded day approached the prince was sent to live in a palace built in the middle of a lake. Duly he was married to a beautiful princess.

On the fourth day of his marriage, a battalion of guards was put at the doors and windows of the palace, patrol boats were sent out on the lake, and the whole area was brightly lit up to prevent any cobras entering.

But during the evening while the princess was singing a song to the prince, a cobra suddenly appeared in front of them. The princess' singing captivated the snake, who offered to grant her any boon she wished.

Naturally the princess asked for her husband's life, but the snake explained it had to obey the order of the God of Death, Yama, who had sent it to kill him and take his spirit to the other world. The cobra promised, however, to plead with Yama on his behalf, whereupon the snake struck the prince dead and took his spirit to Yama.

The god was turning the pages of his Book of Doom, and the cobra noticed the name of the prince with a number signifying that his time was up. The snake cunningly engaged the god in conversation, and while the latter's attention was distracted quickly added another figure to the account.

When he again turned to the book, Yama discovered the apparent mistake, and the prince was allowed to go back to earth to live for many more years with his consort. □

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EX-CBI ROUNDUP

Book Reviews



THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF WORLD POWER. By Senator Gale W. McGee. National Press, Palo Alto, Calif. August 1968. \$6.95.

The senator from Wyoming reviews our Far East policy since 1945, the 1954 Geneva Conference, post-Geneva Vietnam, campus resistance to the war at home, the credibility gap, etc. He is for "staying the course" in Vietnam and for "stability and orderly change in all of Eastern Asia." He believes in the domino theory and writes that in all his travels in India, Nepal and Burma he found it not true that Asians are against our position in Vietnam.

MY GOD DIED YOUNG. By Sasthi Brata. Harper & Row, New York, N.Y. September 1968. \$4.95.

The author, a wealthy young Indian, says "I disown the country of my birth because its ethos is alien to my ways of thought." The book tells of his early life in an orthodox family, his adventures and misadventures, through prep school and college in Calcutta. It takes him to England, and finally to New Haven because of love for an American girl. His shrewd comments add interest to the book.

ACROSS A RED WORLD. By Geoffrey Blainey. St. Martin's Press, Inc., New York N.Y. September 1968. \$6.50.

This is an account of a journey from Hong Kong to London, by train through Communist countries. The author's humorous observations add much to the story, as he travels through Canton, Peking, Mongolia and Siberia. Geoffrey Blainey is professor of economic history at Melbourne University and winner of the 1967 Weickhardt prize for Australian literature.

A PLACE IN TIME. By George Spunt. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. September 1968. \$6.95.

Memoirs of the author's fabulously wealthy Jewish family in Shanghai between the wars. His mother, Regina, was only 14 when her family fled to Shanghai from Russia in the 1880's and found safe haven in the foreign concessions. She married Maximilian Spunt, bore three sons and then began a life of luxury, family squabbles, love affairs and gambling. This is an unusual story of "a place in time" that won't ever happen again.

NOVEMBER, 1968

A HISTORY OF THE LUFTWAFFE. By John Killen. Doubleday & Co., Garden City, N.Y. September 1968. \$5.95.

Although it has no connection with CBI, this book will be of interest to anyone who wants to know more about Hitler's awesomely powerful Luftwaffe, built up quietly in the 1930's by Hermann Goering, whom the author of this book calls "a typical amateur dabbling in the whirlpool of grand strategy."

SUMATRA SEVEN ZERO. By Oswald Wynd. Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc., New York. September 1968. \$4.50.

A mystery and suspense story about a former British agent recalled to service, a titled Englishwoman and her idealistic daughter, a young baby, a CIA man, and assorted soldiers and agents of the Orient. The story is set in northern Burma, at a ruby mine near the Chinese border.

THE CHINESE LOOKING GLASS. By Dennis Bloodworth. Dell Publishing Co., New York, September 1968. Paperback, \$2.45.

A general, anecdotal history of China. The author, who was for 12 years the Far Eastern correspondent for the London Observer, lives in Singapore with his Chinese wife and three adopted Chinese sons.

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The China Falcons

By ALICE ROGERS HAGER
From Skyways Magazine, 1945

FOURTEENTH AIR FORCE HEADQUARTERS, CHINA—They strike and run, these China Falcons, taking their prey home with them. They don't wait to fight it out with enemy hawks. They are fast, elusive, twin-tailed birds highly skilled in evasion, not in battle; yet they have done the most important single task of the war in this theater—probably the most important single task of the entire war itself.

They are the eyes of the Air Force, the extension of the long arm of air power, unarmed aerial spies without which our battle squadrons could not function. Wherever we have hit the Japanese, in this crucial sector of the Pacific, the Falcons have been there first, searching out the enemy's weakness or strength, discovering his most intimate plans. Their brothers have done the same thing in other theaters, but in no part of the global struggle has their mission been of such desperate importance as here on the Pacific frontier.

There is no tribute too great for this Photo Reconnaissance Squadron of the Flying Tigers. They have ranged the China mainland, inspected Melanesia, scouted the Philippines in preparation for MacArthur's invasion, ferreted out the mysteries of Japan's new Empire of Manchukuo, taken the map of Formosa apart bit by bit, and even scanned Japan itself with a piercing gaze that left the home island stripped to the bone. Almost every strike the B-29's have made has been based on the information this Squadron has gleaned.

In the early days of the AVG in Burma, Chennault needed photo reconnaissance. Since no plane was available which had the high speed and altitude necessary for the work, Erik Shilling was assigned to convert a Tomahawk (P-40B). He borrowed a camera from the RAF and set to work to strip this heavy, low-altitude ship of every ounce of excess weight. He even covered the holes, left when the wing guns were removed, with doped fabric to smooth out the airflow over the leading edge, and he improved the streamlining by covering rivet heads in the same way. He got about twenty miles per hour more speed and, with a homemade air scoop, managed something of the effect of a supercharger that would get him up to the comparatively safe altitude of 25,000

feet. The plane was flown successfully on photo missions, and the pictures it brought back saved the Chinese ground units from surprise attack many times.

When the AVG was disbanded and an Army Fighter Group took over as part of the US Air Forces, some P-40G's and a few more cameras were made available. December of 1942 saw a few F-4's arrive. This, a version of the P-38, was the first photo-recon plane to be developed by the Army. Major Dale Swartz, a photo pilot in civilian days, and Frank Schiel, now a Major, made the first photo flights.

It was this initial photo-recon group that laid the groundwork for the official PR group which arrived in June, 1943, fresh from months of training at Colorado Springs. On the heels of the PR group came a squadron of F-54's flown into India by the ATC, and then brought into China by the PR boys who were to use them. The first mission was flown by Major Robinson over Shanghai in July. This was done in the plane named "Lady Godiva" and as the Squadron says, "She got around quite a bit." She and her sister ships had to get around—General Chennault assigned them an area of operations totaling 4,000,000 square miles, extending from Mukden in Manchuria to Saigon in French Indo-China and Bangkok in Thailand, with Japan, Formosa and the Philippines thrown in for good measure. It was an assignment that would have discouraged most pilots, but these boys were fresh as paint, charged with enthusiasm for their work and conscious of their responsibility.

The maps they found in use by the combat pilots dismayed them. Navigation had to be largely "by guess and by God," and mostly through execrable weather. The maps were also a product of guesswork—guessing that had been done by the map-makers without help from the Deity, for it was frequently so different from the reality as to be grotesque. So trimet missions were added to target mapping, and when the war is over, China will have a new face in the geography books.

Flight C at Suichwan was nearest to the enemy, being only 175 miles from the big Jap airdrome at Nanchang. The boys at Suichwan knew they would be raided, often and thoroughly, and there were months at a time when they were without fighter protection because the few precious fighters were needed elsewhere. When the Jap raids did begin to

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

come, they developed a foxhole philosophy which had its points.

The history of Flight C relates, for instance, that on December 11, twelve Jap bombers and twenty-five escorting Zeros bombed the runway. "The Jap bombers used their favorite method of attack. Going into a twenty-degree glide at the south approach to the field, they released their bombs and then headed north to Nanchang. As this approach is their favorite and always takes them over the hostel barracks and mess hall, we spend our time during each raid speculating as to when some Jap pilot will release on the hostel. Someone always says, however, that the Japs have too many spies in the hostel area to want to destroy it!"

Flight C no longer exists so that it is possible to tell of it in some detail. Its original assignment was to cover Formosa, the Shanghai area and targets to the north. Its equipment was brought in during the monsoon by transports of the Fourteenth Air Force under conditions which made the ground crews of C comment that "tribute must be paid to pilots and crews who came in on days the birds refused to fly."

Since their own missions needed clear weather in order that the photographic results would be good, the rains kept them grounded for long periods. Recreational facilities were scarcely good: "Other than soft ball, which was often impossible to play in the mud following showers, and a movie show on the antiquated and ailing base projector from time to time, there was little to do. The small and highly fragrant village four miles away had little to offer."

In October Lieutenant "Win" Sordelett arrived as a new pilot. He and Flight Officer Wesley Wills took turns going to Formosa. On November 23, a combined flight of B-25's and their fighter cover arrived at Sulchwan to stage there for a raid on Nanchang. Two days later another similar group dropped in, and the "14th" celebrated Thanksgiving together. The following day they celebrated a second time by raiding Shinchiku on Formosa, all the aircraft departing and returning safely. It was a perfectly planned and executed operation, based on the aerial reconnaissance which Flight C had provided.

The mapping of Formosa continued steadily. Some pictures showed that the Japs had painted airfields along the mountain ridges, thinking they could entice American pilots in trouble to try to land on them.

On November 27, Flight Officer Wills took off again on a picture mission over Formosa. The photos he brought back clearly showed the extensive damage

done to Shinchiku by the "14th" a few days before. Wills was promoted to a 2nd Lieutenant on November 28, and with the promotion came orders for another mission to Shinchiku. It was about time for the Japs to retaliate—and they did. Wills flew home to find his own base alerted, and he was warned not to land. The weather had tightened up and Wills, keeping occasional radio contact with the worried men at the base, flew around outside the area until his gas was dangerously low. By this time he was lost and it was getting dark. The field told him either to bring his plane in or to bail out. He radioed back that he thought he could save both the ship and the film he'd taken by landing wheels down on a dry sandbar. That was the base's last contact with him. Days later a letter was received from Chinese in a town near where Wills had crashed. The letter said Wills had been deceived by the darkness—the sand was soft, and the plane had turned over on its back, killing Wills and breaking open the film magazine. The Chinese had given him a funeral, the letter stated, attended by 100,000 Chinese who had come to do him honor.

The enemy was really annoyed with the Recon Squadron by now, and Jap raiders came over more frequently. On March 13 a heavy overcast cleared up in the late afternoon, and the boys knew a bright moonlight night lay ahead. The betting fraternity was busily engaged, but they didn't have long to wait. At 2250 the alert sounded and seven waves of bombers came over, lasting until 2400. The boys went back to bed, only to be routed out again at 0240 with a second act that kept them in the slit trenches until 0430. They weren't getting much sleep!

When the second alert had sounded, Sgt. Wiley B. Taylor was ordered to move a jeep and trailer out of the hostel area, since it contained a .50-cal. machine gun meant for one of the .50-cal. pits. He did move it—but only far enough to get within range—and as soon as the bombers came, he opened up on them. His fire caused several of the bombers to change course, and finally one of them lined up on him and let go with four bombs to try to knock him out. One frag bomb landed sixty feet away, but Taylor was unhurt and went calmly on firing until the raid was over.

Through the early spring months, April and May, the Japs prepared and initiated the drive which is still carrying them south and west and which has since gobbled up nearly all of our eastern airfields. The Flight had kept track of these activities from the beginning, and everything possible by way of defense was being done. But when the Jap ground

forces moved south from Yuchow and he headed for Hengyang via Changsha, the boys knew their days at Suichwan were limited. Under this threat of Jap ground attack even more missions were flown, and the photo labs worked day and night getting out the pictures. Raid after raid harassed them and life was like a nightmare. But the work went on.

On June 15, the B-29's bombed Yawata and the Imperial Steel Works in Japan. Captain Sordelett's earlier hazardous photo missions had paid off. And, typical of photo-recon boys, he trailed the B-29's in and checked the bomb damage for them the following day.

The order to evacuate the squadron's Suichwan base came on June 25. Changsha had fallen. Hengyang was going fast. In jeeps and an alcohol-fueled Chinese truck the last of Flight C and its equipment moved out to report elsewhere. Flight C had ceased to exist; but its records were safe, and they would continue to be sorry news for Japan for many long months to come.

Since the basic mission of the Falcons is to get their pictures and return, their combat casualties have been low. It's a case of: "Who lives to shoot and run away, will live to shoot another day"—all the shooting being by way of the cameras. Speed, range and high-altitude capacity of the planes is all important; good weather for the mission and navigational ability of the pilots as well as their technical skill are equally so. Every precaution to ensure their safe return is taken, and so well have they performed that a wry comment around Headquarters is: "The unusual has happened—a photo pilot got lost. He was fifteen minutes late on his ETA."

The supply problem has hit the Falcons the same as everyone else in China. Their major concern is to keep their film fresh. The humid tropical weather of India plays havoc with many items—film being an important one of them. On arrival every batch must be carefully checked to make certain it is good and that a mission will not be wasted. Water for the laboratories cannot just be turned on at a spigot. One water pump was made from a pump "borrowed" on a dark night from a decontaminating truck and hitched up to a jeep engine. It has worked well for over a year. Two wells at one base offered plenty of water during the rainy season but far from enough during dry weather. The water is pumped in and alum added to settle it. In a few hours it is clear and chemically pure enough for laboratory use. In places it has been necessary to use coolie bucket brigades.

American ingenuity has gone beyond these more or less simple feats, however. At one point the Squadron seriously needed a 40-inch camera. There was none to be had so T/Sgt. Roman A. Swiezy (formerly of Brooklyn) took a 24-inch Fairchild and in two weeks converted the focal lengths—a very tricky job under the best of conditions.

Since Army Intelligence officers admit that 90 per cent of their information in this theater comes from photography, the list of missions which the Falcons have accomplished is more than impressive. Not all of these missions can be mentioned, for obvious reasons, but some vital ones now can be revealed. Information about Japan proper is still restricted, with the exception of that which guided the B-29's to Yawata.

In Manchuria, Lieutenant Colonel John C. Foster, who brought the Squadron overseas as its commanding officer and has carried out some of the more important missions himself, says: "So far as we knew prewar, Anshan was just another steel plant, and not too large. However, rumors came through that it was one of the principal Jap installations, so we went up and looked around. We found it too be one of the largest steel mills outside the Jap homeland, second only to the Imperial Works. The same situation exists at every other town in North China. Mukden is their Pittsburgh; Fushun, Penchi are similar in importance, and Tientsin has been converted to a great rail center, while the Japanese city built outside Peiping is twice the size of the Chinese city. We had thought of Penchi as a small industrial center—we found it huge, with coke ovens iron and steel second only to Anshan in this area.

"With regard to Formosa, there is very little about this 'mystery island' that we do not know. This is all the more to be noted since the information which had leaked out before the war was practically nil. The Japs know we have their sources tapped, since every target hit was done to exact pattern."

"I want especially," the Colonel added, "to give credit to our ground crew who have been responsible for so much of the success of the Squadron's work. The mechanics who have maintained our ships have had to possess the skill of fine watchmakers, since the F-5 is a highly delicate and complicated mechanism. The same thing is true of our camera repairmen; while the photo technicians and photo interpreters, working in the labs, or interpreting the photographs and making the trimet maps, must not only know photography but be mathematicians and draftsmen as well. Their enthu-

siasm and devotion to duty has been exceptional."

Foster was the pilot who went to Saigon and got the information that led to the B-24 raid on Cape St. Jacques, where six planes sank six ships. That was one of his more heartbreaking missions at first. It was an eleven hour flight with perfect results; but when he got back to his home base on the last of his gas, it was closed in and he had to bail out. That meant repeating the mission. He did, and the successful raid resulted.

While there have been relatively few combat casualties, there have been some close calls. One pilot was doing bomb-damage assessment over Canton and was intercepted at 25,000 feet by seven Zeros. When he saw the first one, they had already started to make a pass at him and he was in a pretty ticklish spot. He had just finished his run over the target and turned off towards Hongkong. Only the speed and maneuverability of his plane and his own flying skill saved him.

Captain Edward M. Penick of Little Rock, Arkansas, is another famous member of the Falcons, wearer of the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Brave Airman Scarf awarded by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. It was he who ran the first photo coverage north of the Yangtze River, and his own description of that flight tells the story of photo reconnaissance better than anything else could do.

"We had had word that the Yellow River drive was about to start and that the Japs were assembling a lot of troops and air strength. It meant a fairly long run, about seven and a half hours, but we had no information about the condition of the railroad from Hankow to Kaifeng or of the condition of the roadbed. I was to fly a trimet ship and make a map from Singyang to Kaifeng so that we would know how long it would take the Japs to rebuild the railroad after they had captured it.

"When I left Suichwan, I had broken clouds at about 6,000 feet; but the farther north I went, the better the weather got.

"I had taken off at nine in the morning with all my gas tanks full. I wanted to stay as low as I could in order to conserve my oxygen supply, but I had to cross the Yangtze about thirty miles east of Hankow. There I climbed on reduced manifold settings to conserve gas and went up to 18,000 in a gentle climb all the way. I didn't see any Zeros, and I don't think the Japs knew I was there—the area is out of the normal range of our planes, and they were evidently pretty lax in consequence. I got to my first target at 25,000 feet without any excitement.

"When I reached Singyang, I took pic-

tures of the railroad yards, barracks and airdrome installations and then took a heading up the railroad track to trimet it. In a trimet flight you have to concentrate on flying straight and level, which puts you at a disadvantage because you can't take time to look sideways and behind you. I flew straight and level for about twenty-five minutes to reach my next main target, Chenghsien. I had to make two runs over the target to complete the strip of railroad into the town.

"Then I took the strip of the railroad on up to the Yellow River, where I came to another recon target, which was the bridge. The Japs had begun to move troops and supplies up to the bridge, but it wasn't completed at the time, as we found when the pictures were developed. They had changed the course of the river and put a viaduct across on the old bed so that they wouldn't have to build a bridge all the way across. It seemed like a clever piece of engineering.

"After I had my pictures of the bridge, I came around and picked up the railroad track again and stripped it on into Singyang, where I noticed large railroad yards, repair shops and a very large airdrome. So I quit taking strips and did a run over the target to get shots of the airdrome and the rail yards. Then I picked up the roadbed again—it didn't look as if there were any tracks on it—and stripped it back to Kaifeng. I got pictures of the rail yards and airdrome there also. There were a lot of planes at Kaifeng, but they didn't bother me at all.

"When I started home, I decided to stay at 25,000 just in case they were chasing me or had found out anything about the flight. Then I noticed my oxygen supply was getting low. When it got below 100 pounds, I started losing altitude, and soon I was down to 11,000 feet. I couldn't go any higher than that for fear of getting oxygen happy. I crossed the enemy lines again about seventy miles from Hankow. No one saw me.

"The closer I got to home, the worse the weather got, and I started running into rain showers and low clouds. I didn't want to ~~climb~~ too much because my gas was getting low, so I called fighter control for a bearing. They never did pick me up, and I was beginning to get really worried because I didn't know exactly where I was and my radio compass wasn't working. Then I hit a river I knew. Boy, what a relief! I followed it on into Suichwan and landed okay at about four o'clock. It was two weeks after my mission that the Japs started their Yellow River drive and our bombers went to work on them.

"You're tired after a mission. Your seat's the worst—it feels awfully old."

Campaign Started to Save B-24 Liberator

CBIers who have fond memories of the B-24 Liberator may be interested in a proposal called to our attention by Richard E. Young of Woodinville, Wash., retired USAF technical sergeant and recently secretary of the Hq. 7th Bomb Group (H) Associations.

This is a plan, conceived by the 9428th AF Reserve Squadron at Davis-Monthan AFB, Ariz., to bring back a Liberator from India. It will take money, of course, Veterans of the 7th Bomb Group, which was a B-2 outfit in CBI are among those supporting the plan.

The following article, from a recent issue of Air Force Times, explains the project and tells how Roundup readers can participate:

Davis-Monthan AFB, Ariz.—The 9428th AF Reserve Sq. wants to give a War II B-24 to the air museum at neighboring Tucson. It has one in flyable condition. The problem: the Liberator is in India.

The squadron got the idea of the donation from a news report that the Indian Air Force, still using 16 of the old bombers for coast patrol, was about to retire them. Lt. Col. Rhodes Arnold asked if the 9428th could have one. The Indian government said yes and offered to deliver it to any base that would be convenient . . . any base in India.

From there on, it's the squadron's problem. Lt. Col. Charles W. Ruffner,

who has been working with Arnold on the project, figures it will take about \$5,000 to get the ship in shape and fly it back with a three-man crew. That's if they can get a military flight to India. If they have to go commercial, the cost will double.

The squadron launched a fund drive but, as Ruffner put it, it "got off to a roaring stop." So far, it has yielded only about \$300 and part of that is in pledges.

The squadron hates to abandon the project, Ruffner said, because the B-24 is such an appropriate addition to the museum. Davis-Monthan had a flock of them during the war. Besides, they aren't easy to come by these days. More than 18,000 were built, but there are only a handful still intact in the U.S.

The 24 was a four-engine "heavy" in the period before the B-29 and B-36 made them medium bombers by contrast. The U.S. supplied them to Britain before it entered the war, then used them extensively throughout the Pacific and with the 15th Air Force in Italy.

Ruffner says any AF men who have a sentimental feeling for the old "two by four" and would like to contribute to the project to bring one home can address: B-24 Fund, c/o Richard Keefe, Arizona Land Title Building, North Stone Ave., Tucson, Ariz. Keefe, a local attorney, is a major in the squadron.

MY TRIP TO INDIA

I crossed the great blue ocean
In a grand and glorious ship.
I landed then in India,
After a long and dangerous trip.
I traveled both by ship and train,
To get to this desolate terrain.
How I wish I was at home once more,
In the place I was intended for.
Where work is done day by day,
And it's not all work and no play.
Where one can go to any amusement park,
And play some games, or throw a dart.
Where all are gay and full of fun,
And need not fear the sight of a gun.
I can come to one conclusion,
And say the place to be,
Is the good old U.S.A.
Across the blue, blue sea.

By: William H. Adam
502nd M.P. BN.

Ledo Assam, India
November 11, 1943

CBI DATELINE

CALCUTTA—Calcutta saw an unusual procession when a group of teachers, lawyers, doctors and social workers went to Writers Building from Subodh Mullick Square and submitted a memorandum to the Home Secretary, Mr. S. B. Ray, drawing the Government's attention to the prevalence of obscene literature. Mr. Ray said the Government did not know that pornographic literature was so widely prevalent in the States.

MOGA—Jawala Singh, a villager from Jhatary, sold all his property for Rs 600 two days before his death—he had a premonition—and spent the entire money on liquor. He also made a will asking his friends to perform his last rites with nothing but liquor. His pall-bearers should be drunk, if not dead drunk, his funeral pyre should be lit with beer and wine. Friends of Jawala Singh carried out his wishes faithfully, though not soberly.

NEW DELHI—It should be possible for India to launch a satellite in 1972. When the project, which is to be integrated with the Government's television development programme, is approved and implemented, India will have its own man-made marvel of a monitor, akin to the Teistar and the Cosmos, functioning in outer space and transmitting invaluable information for mass communication. The choice of India as the base for a satellite communications centre was made by a four-member expert mission appointed by the UNESCO executive board in 1966.

NEW DELHI—India planned to issue a special stamp to honour the memory of Dr. Martin Luther King.

NEW DELHI—The Indian Administrative Service is involved in a war of the sexes. A special privilege recently extended to women members of the service is that they will have prior claim to be posted to a State of their choice ahead of all men entrants. Men will have to take their turn according to their standing in the competitive examination. Men do not like the special favour now to be shown the fair sex. A protest from the IAS Association is believed to be in the offing.

CALCUTTA—Spores and causative organisms of tetanus have been found in the floor dust of both the operation theatre and the ward of the gynecological wing of the Nilratan Sarkar Hospital. Surgeons of the hospital have informed the State

Government they would not resume operations until the hospital was cleaned and disinfected. The cleanup is slow. Two new disturbing features have been noticed. Squatters, not employees of the hospital, occupy the verandah of the radiotherapy department. Outside at the entrance to the outdoor wing of the hospital, two new khatahs accommodating about a dozen buffaloes have sprung up.

GAUHATI—The 11th rhino was killed in the Kaziranga wild life sanctuary since the first of the year, by rifles shot by poachers. The killings took place within a mile of an encampment of game watchers who are not allowed by the Government to carry arms. The price for rhino horns is up. Highest bids come from Nepal, presumably because of the ease with which horns can be exported to China, their principal market on account of some supposed aphrodisiac qualities.

CALCUTTA—At least 15 people were injured by hailstones. Children, delighted at the sight of the falling hailstones, ignored their guardians' protests and rushed out into the rain to gather them. A 19-year-old man selling peanuts near Victoria Memorial was killed when he was struck by lightning. A woman and a child were injured when a wall on Jhowtala Road collapsed during the storm.

CALCUTTA—"The hue and cry about rickshaws being a menace to traffic and a disgrace to civilization are muted at the moment and the usual number or more are plying the city streets. A puller earns Rs 4 to Rs 7 on an average day—less in winter and more during the monsoons when this is the only mode of transport that can move through the flooded streets. Physically rickshaw pulling is a hard life but there are compensations. A puller can take time off whenever he feels like it. Damage to the rickshaw and its upkeep are the responsibility of the owner. The income is reasonable when luck is in, and while luck is in people in authority will not ban this two-legged two-wheeled mode of transport."
—Indian Notebook

NEW DELHI—Peruvoside, a pure crystalline substance extracted from "peel-akaner" which grows throughout India either wild or cultivated in gardens for its golden yellow flowers, has the potentiality to become the best cardiac medicine in the world. This is the discovery of India. Besides bringing relief to heart patients in India, the new drug may turn out to be a valuable foreign exchange earner. Encouraged by the result of the pharmacological studies, the Indian Council for Medical Research is now arranging for large clinical trials in India.

Waliuddin All Set for Life

By JIM RITCHIE

Waliuddin is set for life. He is a thin man with a white beard who chews betel nut and doesn't like to wear shoes. His work has been cut out for him for 300 years.

At the fabulous Taj Mahal, one of the Seven Wonders of the World, Waliuddin cleans inlay work and keeps a sharp eye on visitors, making sure they do not scribble on walls, or pry semi-precious stones from the marble interiors of the sublime monument built by Moghul Emperor Shah Jahan to his wife.

"Wali," as an American visitor nicknamed him, is known as a "khadim." There are only 18 khadims, making Wali more unique than a Maharajah, of whom 600 mill around India in various stages of adjustment to life in a democracy.

Like royalty, Wali's job is handed from father to son by decree of Shah Jahan back in 1653. In those days, he dispensed largesse to his khadims at three rupees per month. Things cost more now and the pay has gone up to 127 rupees (\$27) plus housing at a nearby village called Tai Gunj.

Wali's number is 14. On nights when there is a full moon he is busier than a fox in a henhouse. Once 100,000 visitors showed up to admire the mysterious domes and minarets and their shimmering reflections in the pools of the Taj. On normal days, it runs about 5,000.

Wali's work suit is a seedy khaki coat, sagging white trousers, and gandhi cap. When he grins, which is not often, as befits the dignity of one vested with the task of tending a holy Moslem shrine, his betel-stained teeth gleam redly.

Speaking in Hindustani, he said he got the job at age 30 when his father, Naziruddin, died. Wali claims to be 58 now, but the chief caretaker of the Taj insists he is much older. He says retirement is required at 60, but Wali is just trying to hang on to a cushy job. After retirement, he will be paid a pension of 35 rupees and will have to move out of Taj Gunj.

Khadims are forbidden to take tips but now and then the rules are stretched. On moonlit nights, visitors willingly part with a little change to make certain the big lamp at the main gate is extinguished. Then the Taj is bathed only in the soft light of heaven.

One night, the chief caretaker approached the gate unexpectedly. He saw Wali shinnying up eight feet to the lamp like a 16-year-old boy. So amused was the boss that he pretended he did not see No. 14 pocketing the tip.

Wali was born in Agra, once the seat of the Moghul empire. He has five children by his first wife, now deceased, and seven by his second, a young woman of 36 whom he keeps in Purdah.

Coughing and wiping his lean face with the rag he uses to clean the marble, he admitted he now believes in this new-fangled family planning. He is passing the word to his children. Sons Fayazuddin, Riazuddin and four others are ready to take over Wali's job when he retires or dies.

In spare moments Wali tends his four goats, goes to the mosque or reads the Koran.

In the early '40's there was a flap when India's Department of Archeology discovered that one of the khadims was descended through a female of the line rather than a male, as ordered by Shah Jahan.

The government promptly slapped an investigator on the job, old records were unearthed, the new genealogies prepared. The usurper was bounced.

Wali's chart, dated August, 1944, showed that in the last two decades alone more than 100 people have issued from ancestor Wajudin who had five sons, one of whom was Faizuddin who had seven sons, one of whom was Wali's father.

Another flap came in 1947 after the partition of India and Pakistan. At that time, five khadims chose to go to Pakistan, were pronounced disloyal, and replaced with five new families whose lineage cannot be traced to Moghul times.

Meanwhile, the world is beating a path to Wali's doorstep. He has picked up a few words of English, and the flowers around the Taj breathe forth their fragrance. Nice work if you can get it. □

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When You Change Your Address.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP



CANNONS near Subsagar, Assam, India, said to have been used during the 14th century in a battle with invading Burmese. Near the cannons, but not shown in picture, is a lake which was dug by hand at about the same time. Photo by Julius W. Lang.

Commanding General

● Lt. Gen. George V. Underwood Jr., commanding general of the Army Air Defense Command (ARADCOM); was pictured recently in the Denver Post. I don't know what part he played in CBI, but he seems to be wearing a CBI patch in the picture.

J. W. BOWMAN,
Littleton, Colo.

Arlo E. Thayer

● Arlo E. (Art) Thayer, 45, personnel manager of the San Francisco Newspaper Printing Company which prints both The Examiner and The Chronicle, died July 23, 1968, of a heart attack at his home at San Francisco, Calif. He had begun his newspaper career in 1953, as secretary to the business manager of The Examiner, after being associated with a travel agency in Oakland. He was a native of Kimball, S.D., a graduate in psychology from Stanford University, and was widely known as a breeder and exhibitor of Samoyed dogs. During World War II he served in the China-Burma-India theater as liaison man be-

tween the U.S. Army and the British Command, and later as a member of the Military Petroleum Committee. He was awarded the Bronze Star. His mother, two sisters and two brothers survive.

(From an article in the San Francisco Examiner, submitted by Ray Kirkpatrick, San Francisco).

14th Air Force

● Deaths of several 14th Air Force men have been reported recently. Included were Col. Bruce W. Firmie, Manchester, Mass., who was with 14th Headquarters; James B. Moran, St. Louis, Mo., formerly with 11th Bomb Squadron; David Breed Lindsay, Sarasota, Fla., 308th Bomb Group; Stewart Ellis, Ridgewood, N.J., 75th Fighter Squadron; Col. Joseph T. Kenny, Caseyville, Ill., 14th Headquarters; Gustav A. Dannecker, Browns Mills, N.J., 374th Bomb Squadron; Charles T. Holland, Mullins, S.C., 14th Headquarters; Lt. Col. Al Dare, San Bernadino, Calif., 21st Photo Recon Squadron; and Herb Hooper, San Mateo, Calif., 425th Bomb Squadron.

(Reprinted from the 14th Air Force Bulletin.)

Memories That Fade

● Always look forward to the pleasure of reading the next issue of Ex-CBI Round-up. Thanks for your good work. It helps keep alive memories that fade fast enough as time passes.

ROBERT SULLIVAN,
Panama, Iowa



MAIN STREET of Bhamo right after the Mars Task Force occupied the town. Aerial bombing and artillery fire had leveled the place, but the natives rebuilt it rapidly. Photo by Julius W. Lang.

Commander's Message

by

Louis Gwin

National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.



Dear CBI Friends:

It was my happy privilege to present the charter and to install the duly elected officers of the new Camp Kanchrapara Kids Basha in Jackson, Michigan. The newly elected Commander is Byron Kingsley, P.O. Box 299, Jackson, Michigan.

If you are a CBI-er and live in this area, give him a call (517-784-6539) and come to their next meeting. I believe you will find it is worth your time.

We had forty veterans, wives and

guests in attendance. Those from out of town were: Irvin Nilsen, Jr. Vice Commander—South, and Mrs. Nilsen; C. H. Smith, Jr. Vice Commander—Great Lakes, and Mrs. Smith; James Brown, Past Vice Commander—North, and Mrs. Brown; Gene Rosinski, Toledo, Ohio Basha Commander, and Mrs. Rosinski; Mr. and Mrs. Al Wilhelm, Toledo, Ohio, Basha; Mr. and Mrs. James Thayer, Toledo, Ohio, Basha; Mr. and Mrs. George J. Coppal, Detroit Basha. The affair was a real "dilly."

My next trip will be to Milwaukee November 9th for the executive board meeting, then on to Chicago November 16th to install new officers. This meeting will be held at the South Pacific Restaurant one block from Marshall Field Company. This should be another gala affair.

In the near future I will publish the names of the different Bashas, their commanders and how to get in touch with them. If you served in C.B.I., we need you.

Sincerely,
LOUIS W. GWIN



AN AMERICAN, Major Graham Batchelor of Milledgeville, Ga., uses chopsticks and a Chinese mess bowl while eating with Chinese officers of an American-trained Chinese division in the CBI theater. Major Batchelor was on duty as a U.S. Army infantry liaison officer. U.S. Army photo.

Station Hospitals

● Letter of Dr. James Tobin of Elgin, Ill., noted in January 1967 issue. I was stationed at Chabua from June 1943 to September 1943 and recall the 95th Station Hospital where I was a patient just about the time it was changed to the 11th. Was also a patient at its successor hospital, the 234th General, several times and recall Dr. Clarke, chief of surgery, and the original C.O. of the 95th whose name slips me now. At that time Col-

onel Coughlin commanded the Advance Section and Gen. Caleb Haines commanded the Assam American Air Base Command from a headquarters on the Chabua-Tinsukia Road. He was later succeeded by Gen. Joseph Cranston. Lt. Col. Elmer Welty, G4 of General Cranston's command, and I helped arrange the unloading of the equipment arriving by train from Calcutta for the 11th Station Hospital in about July 1943.

HOMER S. WHITMORE,
Rochester, N.Y.

Memories Recalled

● Enjoyed every page of June Roundup, particularly the article, "Dear Diary." Brought back memories of Camp Patrick Henry, Port Said, Casablanca, Aden, Oran and points east. Recall very well indeed the stockade at Camp Don Passage which was referred to as "Music Hill" where the "inmates" did their daily routines to the strains of "Lilli Marlene" played by the band. Ran across a photo of U. G. Mosier Jr. in the December 1949 issue of Roundup. He was formerly C.O. of the 327th Harbor Craft Company and later was circulation manager of Roundup when it was published in Denver. Would like to see a unit history of both harbor craft companies published in Roundup. Let's hear from some of the former members.

HOWARD GORMAN,
Sonora, Calif.

C. D. Driscoll

● Charles D. Driscoll, M.D., an internist at Cooper Hospital, Camden, N.J., for 37 years, died in September 1968 at the age of 67. Dr. Driscoll was graduated in 1931 from Jefferson Medical College and received his master's degree in the science of medicine from the University of Pennsylvania. A veteran of World War II, he was assistant commandant of the Army Medical Center and Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D.C. He also commanded the 95th Station Hospital in China. Survivors include his wife, a brother and a sister.

(From an article in the Philadelphia Inquirer, sent in by Bob Thomas, Philadelphia, Pa.)

Keep It Coming!

● Certainly don't want to miss any copies of the best magazine published. Keep it coming!

ETHEL G. YAVORSKY,
Poland, Ohio

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION

(Act of October 23, 1962; Section 4363, Title 39,
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7. Owner (if owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given.)

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10. EXTENT AND NATURE OF CIRCULATION

	Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months	Single Issue Nearest to Filing Date
A. Total No. Copies Printed	2,450	2,350
B. Paid Circulation		
1. Sales Through Dealers and Carriers, Street Vendors and Counter Sales	270	285
2. Mail Subscription	2,025	1,874
C. Total Paid Circulation	2,295	2,159
D. Free Distribution (including samples) by Mail, Carrier or Other Means	40	40
E. Total Distribution	2,335	2,199
F. Office Use, Left-Over, Unac- counted, Spoiled After Printing	125	151
G. Total	2,450	2,350

NOVEMBER, 1968

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